

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madhedded ape, a weazell hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile knowe your busines Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be wearie, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trifier, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse: What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Well, do not then? for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But heare you Kate, I must not haue you henceforth, question me, Whither I go: nor reason, where about: Whither I must, I must, and to conclude, This euening must I leave you gentle Kate: I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I well belecue, Thou wilt not viter, what thou dost not know: And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but hearken you Kate, Whither I go, thither shall you goe too: To day will I sit forth, to morrow you: Will this content you Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poiners.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poiners.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prince.* With three or foure logger-heads, among foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very b. humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of d. can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, I Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of curtesie, flatterly I am no prowde lacke, like Falstaffe, but a Colad of metall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call when I am King of England, I shall commaund all the in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his guage, during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost neur that thou wert not with me in this action; but to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniwgar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shilling pence, and you are welcome, with this shril addition, a firskore a pinte of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. E driue away the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee, doe in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue call ces, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anone: ste and ile shew thee a present.

*Poiners.* Frances.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Prince.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Frances.* Anone anone sir, looke downe into the Po

